Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 943. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1877. VOL. XXXVII. No. 5.

The Destruction of Chopin's Letters, Keepsakes, etc., in Warsaw.

We translate the following from the new Life of Chopin, by Moritz Karasowski, now of Dresden, and an old friend of Chopin's family. Of this interesting work, which is truly a biography, and not a rhapsody like that by Liszt, we shall have more to say, and shall probably present our readers with further extracts, containing facts not generally known before, and shedding new light on his character and works. The first volume covers his early life in Poland, with various artistic excursions to Vienna, Dresden, etc., down to the year 1831, when the capture of Warsaw drove him an exile to Paris. For this period,—which included the composition, almost simultaneously, of his two Concertos—M. Karasowsky had the advantage of many of Chopin's letters preserved in his family, and the volume is enriched with nearly fifty of them. But the still more interesting letters which he wrote home from Paris were, unfortunately, destroyed; and of the manner of that destruction we give the author's narrative, with which he opens his second volume, as follows.

After Chopin's death, the various articles he had about him in his rooms in Paris were put up at public auction. Miss J. W. Stirling, a Scotch lady, his pupil and enthusiastic admirer, bought the furniture of his two saloons, with the mementos that were found there. She took it all with her to her home and with it formed a sort of Chopin-museum.

In this interesting collection was a portrait of the genial artist, painted by his friend, Ary Schäffer; a Pleyel grand piano, on which Chopin usually played; a service of Sèvres porcellain, with the inscription: "Offert par Louis Philippe à Frédéric Chopin 1839;" a costly, sumptuously inlaid casket (a gift from Rothschild); finally carpets, covers for tables and fauteuils, nearly all of them wrought by the hands of his fair pupils.

Miss Stirling had provided in her will, that after her death all these mementos should fall to the mother of the artist whom she so revered. Accordingly they were carried, in 1858, to Warsaw to the dwelling of the mother. After her death, in 1861, they came into the hands of Chopin's sister, Mme. Isabella Barcinska. This lady occupied the second story of two contiguous houses which form just the boundary line between the "Neuen Welt" and the "Krakauer Vorstadt," and which belonged to Count Andreas Zamoyski.

At the very beginning of the political disturbances, which preceded the insurrection in January, 1863, some extremely excited young men (quite contrary to the general feeling) had resolved to threaten the life of every governor. Now although these unfortunate attempts, prompted by patriotic fanaticism, uniformly failed, still they were repeatedly renewed. Inflamed to the utmost by the bloody contest that was raging throughout the land, they finally projected such an attempt against the person of Count von Berg, who, after the recall of the Grand Duke Constantin Nikolaiewicz, had become the supreme authority in the kingdom of Poland.

On the 19th of September, 1863, at 6 o'clock in the evening, he was returning in his carriage, surrounded by an escort, from the Belvedere to the royal palace. When the carriage came to the place where the "Neue Welt" and the "Krakauer Vorstadt" meet, there was a loud report from the fourth story of Count Zamoyski's house, followed by some Orsini bombs. At once there was a great commotion on the street; but there was no one killed, only some horses of the escort were wounded. A few minutes after there appeared a section of the military, which at that time stood always ready for marching orders on the Saxon square. The soldiers surrounded the two houses; all the women found in them, whether they were dressed or undressed, were dragged down into the street, and then set at liberty; the men, on the contrary, were taken under military guard to the citadel.

Like a stream of lava, bearing all before it, with its annihilating heat, so rushed the infuriated soldiery from one story to another and threw down everything unsparingly. Furniture, pianos, books, manuscripts, in a word *all* that was found in the house, was thrown through the windows into the street. Pieces of furniture too large for that were first hacked up with axes, the legs hewn from the pianofortes, etc. As these two houses stood in the finest part of the city, they were inhabited only by people in good circumstances, and one can imagine what a mass of furniture they contained, when he considers that of grand pianos alone there were actually from fifteen to twenty found among the other articles.

When the enraged soldiers found themselves in the second story, which Chopin's sister occupied, the entire remains of the great artist, that had been preserved with the greatest piety by the family, were all destroyed. The piano on which he had learned to play (from the manufactory of Buchholtz), the first confidant and reproducer of his youthful works, was hurled by the vandals into the street.*

When the night came on, the soldiers built a wood-pile of these articles upon the square, at the foot of the monument to Copernicus, and brought forth from their barracks kettles, which were filled with wine, rum, alcohol and sugar from the plundered shops. They brewed for themselves punch, which they drank to the sound of merry songs. To keep the fire up, they finally threw into the flames all the pictures, books and papers, among which were found also Chopin's letters to his family written eighteen years before. Eye-witnesses assure us, that an officer gazed for a long time at Chopin's portrait painted by the hand of his friend, before he ruthlessly consigned it to the flames.

The bright light, which overspread the city, showed the amazed inhabitants that the hour of military terrorism had come.

The loss of all these memorials is not so painful as the annihilation of the letters, in which Chopin had poured out his whole soul, full of love for his family, of patriotism for the land of his birth, of enthusiasm for his Art and admiration for all that is beautiful and noble. Extremely interesting, and of value for the historian of culture, would have been the letters which Chopin wrote from Paris at the time when he was daily receiving laurel wreaths as an artist, and came into close contact with the highest persons, as well as with the Coryphæi of Art in Paris; for he described all those experiences most vividly and truly to his parents, so that they could form clear ideas to themselves of all those persons. It is also to be lamented that the lively spirit and the sparkling wit of these communications are lost to the world. In fact a single stroke of Chopin's pen often depicted the most interesting and important of his contemporaries, with whom he had intercourse, more strikingly, than the long, elaborate descriptions of many a writer.

* Fortunately the Pleyel instrument, which had been sent from Scotland in 1859, was not among the other mementos, but was in the possession of the niece of Chopin, Mme. Ciechomska, who lived in the country.

Robert Schumann.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.*

(Concluded from Page 26.)

During the years 1850 to 1854, he wrote his "Rhenish Symphony," the overtures to the "Bride of Messina" and "Hermann and Dorothea," his ballad "The King's Son," for chorus and orchestra, and many vocal and pianoforte works, besides larger compositions that he had previously sketched. In 1853, Robert and Clara Schumann travelled through Holland,—an artistic tour that resembled a triumphal procession, so great was the enthusiasm with which they were received. On their return to Düsseldorf, the morbid symptoms of Schumann's malady returned with redoubled force. He busied himself, notwithstanding, in collecting his essays from the "Neue Zeitschrift," and during the publication of this literary work ("Music and Musicians,") began to make a collection of all that had been written about music by poets of all nations, from the earliest ages to our own day. But illness forced him to desist; the pains in his head became distracting; he took an unhealthy interest in spiritualism; auricular delusions robbed him of sleep for two weeks; and, on the 27th of February, 1854, he endeavored to end his misery by plunging into the Rhine. The unhappy master was saved by some boatmen, brought home, and conveyed, a few days after, to the private hospital at Endenich, near Bonn. Every possible care that reverence and affection could bestow, was lavished on him in vain; here he remained until the 29th of July, 1856,

* Being the Introduction to "*Music and Musicians.*" *Essays and Criticisms by* ROBERT SCHUMANN. Translated, edited, and annotated by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER. pp. xxiii, 418, 12mo. New York: Edward Schuberth & Co., 1877.

when kind death gave him repose from his sufferings.

Tragic close to so uneventful though beneficent a life! Yet Schumann, blest with the gift of musical imaginativeness that has added a new beauty to the lives of his fellow-men, and enriched the world with another elevating joy, can scarcely be termed unhappy. The great poet, the great composer, possesses such opulence of sensuous and intellectual faculties, that his lot would appear rather that of the demi-god than of a mere mortal, but for the compensating trials of suffering or infirmity. Though Schumann's genius was not so largely appreciated as it deserved to be during his life, his was the calm of a respected existence, the admiration of a distinguished circle of friends. And, as his friend Hiller writes: "What love beautified his life! A woman stood beside him, crowned with the starry circlet of genius, to whom he seemed at once the father to the daughter, the master to the scholar, the bridegroom to the bride, the saint to the disciple." And, happily for us, Clara Schumann still lives, a noble example of conjugal and maternal fidelity and devotion, the woman whose virtue, genius, patience, fortitude, and artistic disinterestedness, the world, to its own honor, still delights to honor.

In a letter to me (in 1871) Madame Schumann expressed her opinion that the time had not yet arrived for a complete philosophical and analytical biography of Schumann, and suggested to me the idea of translating his complete works. She wrote:—"I have long been occupied with the plan of a new and correct biography; those by Wasielewsky, Reissmann, and others, are wanting in many points, and partially incorrect. I could have wished Schumann to have been placed more truthfully before the public as a man; his works speak sufficiently for him as a musician, while his writings testify to the discrimination of his judgment, and the variety of his talents. But the purity of his life, his noble aspirations, the excellence of his heart, can never be fully known, except through the communications of his family and friends, and from his private correspondence. I have not yet collected sufficient materials for such a plan; but perhaps you, who display so much appreciation of my husband's character and works, might find it a not ungrateful task to translate his writings, which give so much insight into his heart, at least to the reader who is himself qualified to understand."

After having completed the laborious yet interesting task of translating Schumann's entire collection of essays and reviews, as arranged by himself, I was naturally desirous of publishing them in full, in the precise chronological order in which they were published by Schumann. I was dissuaded from this by experienced advisers, who thought that so voluminous a work on the subject of music only, would find its way with difficulty to the appreciation of the general public in England or America. I finally decided to publish at first a series of selections from my translation,—about half the entire work,—in the order in which the papers stand in the present volume. A second volume, including the remainder of Schumann's collection, will follow in due course of time.

Robert Schumann made his first public appearance as a critic, in 1831, when he published his famous article on Chopin's Opus 2, in the "Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung," which article he afterwards placed at the head of his collected essays and reviews (see page 4 of this volume). He describes the circumstances and feelings that, in 1834, led to the establishment of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," in his own introduction, placed at the beginning of the present volume. Previous to that time, other critics,—Rochlitz in the "Allgemeine Zeitung," Marx in the "Berliner Zeitung," Thibaut, Rellstab, Hoffmann, C. M. von Weber, and others, had accomplished much in the domain of musical æsthetics, literature, and, to a certain extent, of criticism also; but this latter had been, apart from that of the distinguished writers above-mentioned, principally confined to the discussion of technical subjects. This kind of criticism was felt to be one-sided and narrow, by minds of Schumann's stamp, who were warmly desirous that the poetry and æsthetic significance of their art should be generally recognized and honored. Under his editorial banner, therefore, some of the best musicians, connoisseurs, and æsthetic writers of the day assembled, including Von Zuccamaglio, Friedrich Wieck, Carl Banck, Kossmaly, Julius Knorr, the painters Lyser and Simon, Fischhoff, Dr. Krüger, Schunke, Oswald Lorenz, Becker, August Kahlert, and a number of others.

The Davidite Society, which appears so often in Schumann's criticisms, was an invention of his own fancy. It may be that Richter's Walt and Vult partly suggested the idea; but Schumann felt that different works and individualities appealed to different sides of his nature, and he expressed the varied sympathies thus awakened by the invention of opposite personalities. Florestan embodies the impulsive, passionate, humorous side of his character, Eusebius represents its dreamy, reflective attributes, while Master Raro appears as the reasoning, philosophical mediator between those two extremes. Friedrich Wieck is also occasionally personified as Master Raro. Those articles, in the subject of which Schumann felt wholly interested, he signed R. S., and where he was touched in a comparatively superficial manner, he signed with the figures 2 or 12. Among other members of the Davidite Society, who aided Schumann, either practically or by their encouragement, in his opposition to the Philistines of art and criticism, we find Carl Banck entitled Serpentinus, and Ludwig Schunke Jonathan; Madame Voigt was Leonora or Aspasia; Mendelssohn, Meritis; von Zuccamaglio was Wedel the village sexton; Clara Wieck appeared as Cecilia, Zilia, or Chiara. The influence of Schumann's views on his associates, and the unity of their aim, is quite striking, when we turn to those pages of the "Neue Zeitschrift," published during his editorship; though, to quote Goethe on a similar situation, "By Apollo! it must have been a serious thing to dance to such a pipe!" At one time, Schumann contemplated writing a musical romance, to be called "The Davidites," but never carried out his plan; and, as time wore on, he gradually dropped his own fanciful literary pseudonyms.

At the close of the year 1834, Wieck and Knorr already gave up their connection with the "Neue Zeitschrift;" in the same year, Schumann lost his dear friend Ludwig Schunke, who died of consumption (see page 131), and became sole proprietor, as well as editor, of his paper. In 1836 he was advised by many friends to give up editorship, and devote himself entirely to composition; they even told him that his literary talent had diverted public attention from his achievements as a composer; but Schumann refused to yield to their counsels, arguing that to do so would be to deprive artists of that spontaneous and disinterested support which they ought in justice to receive. In 1840, however, he began to feel it his duty to allow his literary and critical labors to fall into the back-ground; and, four years later, he resigned his editorship into the hands of Oswald Lorenz. After that time, he contributed only a few articles to the Zeitschrift; among these we find his generous early recognition of the then promising talent of Johannes Brahms.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of Schumann's labor as a critic. His influence was not destructive or depressing; it was beneficent and inspiring. The claim of some of his German admirers, that he has served the world even more as an art critic than as a composer, goes far beyond the truth. His art criticism, though it will remain one of the best models of this kind of literary labor, has already fulfilled its mission, at least in Germany, while the influence of his achievements as a composer, on musical progress, is not yet wholly understood by the public at large; and the compositions themselves will remain as long as any musical immortality remains, to delight, with an elevated pleasure, every nature capable of understanding them. On the other hand, it cannot be truly said that we have passed beyond Schumann's critical point of view. A man of genius is always in advance of his time. Was it not Schumann who wrote—as early as 1846—of Wagner's "Tannhaüser,"—"It is deep, original, a hundred times better than his earlier operas; and I consider the composition and instrumentation extraordinary, far beyond what he ever accomplished before?" The musical opinions of so highly distinguished a musician as Schumann, must of course appear of the greatest importance to, and carry great weight with, every one who is interested in music; supported by a solid basis of thorough knowledge and practical experience, enlivened by the glow of enthusiasm and lofty creative faculties, his criticism is equally removed from dry technical analysis, as from vague æsthetic speculation unsupported by science. His just, generous recognition of merit in his brother composers, has fully proven how utterly free was his kind and genial nature from the base cankers of envy, jealousy, or cynicism. He understood and carried out the true mission of the critic,—to discover and encourage real merit; to frown down, to ridicule, if need be, all influences, personal or otherwise, which are erroneous in themselves, and deleterious to art; to point to the remediable or involuntary fault, and at the same time, to the best means of correcting it. Schumann's writings are a complete refutation of the often repeated assertion, that the artist must necessarily be an unjust judge of the achievements of his brother artists; a most illogical assertion, it seems to me. Are artists in words, for instance,—are Lessing, Sainte Beuve, Hazlitt, Schelling, Taine, Hunt, Schlegel, Baudelaire, Botta, Gautier, etc., untrustworthy judges of the works of other authors, merely because they labor with similar tools? No; even allowing for partizan bias, or even for individual vanity, the poet still remains the best possible judge of the poet, the composer of the composer, the painter of the painter; all genuine artists feel this at heart, and work more with each other's approbation in view, than for that of the general public. Schumann's criticism, which, if it errs at all, does so on the side of indulgence, has only once been accused of injustice,—in his attack on Meyerbeer's "Huguenots." But no one can deny that Meyerbeer sold his great gifts to the merely pleasure-seeking crowd; he dedicated his talents, not to the service of artistic progress, but to those superficial aims which Schumann despised. He, one of the truest priests of art, burned with divine indignation when he found another priest setting up a golden calf, round which the populace might dance their delighted mazes. Schumann never denied Meyerbeer's great qualities, he only protested against the misuse of them; and let us not forget that amid Schumann's many titles to our gratitude, the world may thank him in great part for its early comprehension of the works of Berlioz, Bennett, Chopin, Robert Franz, Henselt, Gade, and many others.

From his reviews and criticisms—based as they are on the firm foundation of thorough knowledge, enlivened by the vital breath of poetical and philosophical reflection, and by such an occasional flash of humor as sheds a clear light on many questions, whose solution we may vainly seek by the gleam of the study lamp,—a code of musical æsthetics might be gathered; his "Rules for Young Musicians" contain a treasure of golden advice that will become proverbial; and his "Aphorisms" abound in fine and truthful reflections, whose meaning, however,—à la Jean Paul,—does not lie on the surface.

Schumann, familiar with the works of Scott,

Byron, Heine,—the modern romantic school,—was so possessed by the spirit of Jean Paul Richter, that the rich obscurity and overflowing disregard of form, so remarkable in that author, have left their traces on Schumann's literary style, as well as in his music. He acknowledged, indeed, in a letter to his master, Heinrich Dorn, that Jean Paul and Sebastian Bach had exercised unbounded influence over his mode of intellectual labor until the age of thirty, when he became more independent. Richter's influence on Schumann may be accounted for in his wonderful power of rather suggesting than depicting emotions and moods, for which it is difficult to find expression in words, and of which music is the fullest and fittest exponent.

Schumann's readers will find this influence very perceptible in some of the papers that form this volume, especially in Florestan's Shrovetide Speech, in the charming letters of an Enthusiast to Chiara—doubly interesting from their personal character—in many of his proverbial rules and observations—in the little rhapsody over the seventh concerto of John Field, the gifted and erratic Irish composer (page 267), and in the humorous, fanciful inventiveness of some of the reviews, such as those of dance music, at pages 102 and 325, where criticism is interwoven with a slight narrative. His notices of the first published works of Rubinstein and Robert Franz, his sketches of the performances, and occasionally of the personal traits, of some of his friends and contemporaries, such as Ernst, Liszt, Camilla Pleyel, Clara Novello, Niels Gade, Sterndale Bennett, and others, possess more than merely historical value, considering the source from which they emanate; and musical students will remember that the long analytical review of Berlioz's symphony, "Episode de la vie d'un artiste" (page 228), had the startling effect, at the time of its publication in Germany, of a revolutionary artistic manifesto.

But I will no longer detain my readers on the threshold; and now take leave of them, certain that all who admire Schumann's rare creative genius in his own exquisite art, all who appreciate his distinction as one of the profoundest tone poets of our age, will gladly recognize, in this collection of his writings, that the essentially subjective character of Schumann's musical thought did not exclude variety of talents, geniality, and a nobly disinterested perception and acknowledgment of the merits of his brother artists.

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

New York, April, 1876.

The Violin Manufacture in Italy, and its German Origin.

An Historical Sketch; by Dr. EDMUND SCHEBEK. Translated from the German by WALTER E. LAWSON.

(Concluded from Page 11.)

V.

As regards Kerlino, of whose make a violin—or, as some persons who have seen it declare, a viola reduced to the size of a violin, bearing the date 1449, is still in existence, it is evident, from the initial letter of his name, which is unknown to the Italian language, that he is not of Italian descent. Judging from the root, Kerl, the bearer of the name could only have been of Breton or German origin. But how could he have been transplanted from Brittany into Italy? On the other hand, there is a great probability in favor of the emigration of himself or family from Germany; for, at that time, the German lute-makers gravitated towards Northern Italy, as we observe in other cases. The name Gerle, or Kerle, is often met with in Germany. In the middle of the 17th century it was borne by a celebrated organist. It is possible that Johannes Kerlino, the first of known violin-makers, was a member of the family of lute-makers, Gerle, which flourished in Nurembourg about the year 1460; and that, for the—in Italy—unpronounceable German *G*, a K was substituted. In the collection of instruments on show at the South Kensington Museum, in London, in August, 1872, there were two violins bearing the name Karlino, with the remark, "very old," but no date. It is very probable that this was the result of an error, as sometimes the a is pronounced like e in the English language. But even if this were not the case, the supposition of the German nationality of the violin-maker now under consideration must still appear well-founded, as Karl is also a German name.

This hypothesis takes a more decided form than as regards Kerlino—although the most ancient—in the case of that master who, upon the instruments made in Italy, spells his name Duiffopruggar, and on those manufactured in France, Duiffoprugcar. However enigmatical the name may appear in this manner of spelling, the solution seems very simple when it is written according to German orthography—Tieffenbrucker.*

Tieffenbrucker was long known by name, through a portrait engraved in 1512 by Pierre Voëirriot,† and Gerber also refers to him (*Neues Tonkünstler-lexikon*, 1812), but only as far as he was enabled by the existence of the portrait. Even up to the present time, it has been impossible to ascertain the particulars of his life and works. It is only known that from Bologna—the town from which his first works are dated—he was called to Paris by Francis the First, where he furnished a number of instruments for the royal orchestra; and that, later, he settled in Lyons.

Until quite lately his only known productions consisted of lutes and violas, but at the present time more and more violins of his make are gradually brought to light, placing beyond dispute his importance in creating an epoch of violin manufacture in Italy. Some have been found in St. Petersburg, Brussels, Bologna, London, Bucharest, and in several towns on the Rhine. Two of his violins, the property of Mr. Niederheitmann, of Aix la Chapelle, were for a considerable time on view at the Vienna Exhibition. I here give some inscriptions from violins that are known to me: Gasparo Duiffopruggar Bonnoniensis, Anno 1511 (the oldest), and 1517 (the latest). The violin which was formerly to be seen in Brussels bore the date 1539. From a bass viol the following label is quoted: "Gaspar Duiffoprugcar à la Coste Sainct Sebastien à Lyon." A lute of the Lyons period, which I met with at the Neustift monastery, bore the simple signature: Duiffoprugcar à Lyon."

This is not the place to enter into technical details; but, judging from the few specimens which I myself have met with, and from the description of others, it seems really a matter for astonishment that he should have done so much, especially when we take the period into consideration, and regard either the pleasing form, the convenience of performance, the design of the separate parts, the careful choice of wood, the exquisite workmanship, or the beautiful varnish. Even the principles of the flat (flache) model, the adoption of which has added so much to the reputation of Stradiuarius, were present in his instruments. In the case of well preserved instruments of his make, the tone is remarkable for grandeur and sonorousness. It must, however, be remembered that Tieffenbrucker is not to be judged by a single specimen; for we perceive in the varying forms and details that he—like Stradiuarius, during his first period—spent considerable time in experiment.

A great peculiarity of his instruments consists in the external decoration. The neck sometimes ends in the ordinary scroll form, sometimes it takes that of a salamander (emblem of Francis I.), sometimes that of a man's head—occasionally a representation of his own, in which thoughtfulness and energy may be traced. The breasts are generally ornamented with coats of arms in colors, or regal crowns executed in gold; the backs, either with views or plans of towns (for instance, Rome or Paris), in inlaid wood work, or with oil-paintings (the Madonna or other holy persons); and for this purpose he chose real art works for his patterns—the holy Luke or the holy John after Raphael, and the Madonna after Coreggio or Andrea del Sarto—the latter it is believed by the master himself. The beads round the edge are sometimes either singly or doubly inlaid, with or without arabesque-like figuring, and the sides of such instruments are often ornamented in a similar manner, or with devices in burnished gold; the following thoughtful motto being frequently met with, though occasionally with omission of the first verse:

"Viva fui in sylvis, sum dura occisa securi.
Dum vixi tacui; mortua dulce cano."*

After Kasper Tieffenbrucker there still lived, as makers of lutes in Italy, Leonard, Wendelin, and Magnus, members of the same family—the latter, until the beginning of the 17th century. Like other members of the trade, they, in all probability, also busied themselves in the manufacture of violas; but only one instrument of the kind is known to me, and that was made by Wendelin, and is to be seen in the Modena Museum, in Vienna.

To render apparent the influence which the abovementioned masters, and possibly others, of German descent, have exerted in the foundation of the classical violin manufacture in Italy, as also to show the technical development of this manufacture from one school and one master to the other, it would require, as I have already observed, a collection of the dispersed material in a certain place, and for a certain length of time; and also a revival of the subject by the most learned men of all participating circles. We might then look forward to results such as have been already achieved in other provinces by means of special exhibitions.

From the slight historical sketch which I have here attempted to give, the reader will draw a conviction of the once honorable position which the Germans held in this branch of art, At the present day the prospect is not so pleasing. In the production of *quantity* the Germans are undoubtedly in advance of all nations, not excepting the French, but as regards the higher violin manufacture, they have not—with certain exceptions—made themselves in the least conspicuous; they rank, in this respect, not only beneath the French, but also below the English, by which nations the good method is followed, at least by a few—for instance, by the family Lupot-Gand, of Paris, for nearly a hundred years.

In the art industries, in the strict sense of the words, noticeable endeavors have been made of late years by Austria and Germany to reach again the position occupied by them a hundred years ago. Shall we not, then, in the violin manufacture, which, as regards object and labor, deserves to be ranked with the art industries, endeavor to follow the example of our forefathers?

* I lived in the forest, and was killed by the hard axe. Living, I was silent; dead, I sing sweetly.

* As an addition to the orthographical evidence offered by Dr. Schebek, it may be remarked, that the collection of musical instruments in the South Kensington Museum includes a lute by a certain Magnus *Tieffenbrucker*, and also the photograph of a violin manufactured by Casparo *Duiffoprugcar*, presumably the father of the fore-mentioned.—W. E. L.

† In Mendel's *Musikalisches Conversations Lexikon*, now in process of publication, we read—"Gaspard Duiffoprugcar, one of the most celebrated lute and string instrument manufacturers of the 16th century, was born in the Italian Tyrol, in 1514. After having travelled considerably, he lived for a time in Bologna and Paris, but eventually settled in Lyons."

On comparing dates, the reader will immediately become aware that an error has crept into this statement; for, whereas, Dr. Schebek speaks of violins of Tieffenbrucker's manufacture of the year 1511, his birth is here, curiously enough, fixed in 1514. No doubt can arise as to identity, while there is such a coincidence in other respects.—W. E. L.

Death of Petrella, the Composer.

ROME, ITALY, April 19, 1877.—The news of poor Enrico Petrella's death you received last week by the Italian telegram. The Marchese d'Arcais devotes the whole of his *Appendice* in the 16th of April number of the *Opinione* to this popular composer. It is an interesting article, and will be a valuable one forty or fifty years from now, when some art student or musical biographer is hunting up accounts of Petrella's life, as has lately been done in Italy, especially in Perugia, about Morlacchi, for Petrella's fame is not likely to last longer than that of the Peruginesque composer. Petrella was not a Verdi, nor a Wagner, but as D'Arcais says, Petrella's music has its own character. In this day, when all Italian composers imitate either the one or the other of those leading composers, Petrella showed in his compositions that he had his own mode of feeling and expression; his operas have their own individuality. Unluckily, Petrella began to write, and met with great success, before he had studied very profoundly. He possessed the gift of music, and had great originality. Inspiration in art is a great deal, but nowadays, especially, it must be reinforced by doctrine. The increasing musical culture of the public requires that composers should have something besides "the God-given." Petrella admitted this, and he did that which few artists or composers are apt to do, set himself hard to work at musical studies even after he had acquired his

reputation, and the effect of his application can be seen in his later works. Every one says he was singularly free from self- conceit and vain glory, as he was also from envy. He must have had a lovely nature. On his death bed, although in the extremest state of poverty, the only words on his lips were grateful ones. Kind, loving, thankful words to his friends, to the people of Genoa, who did everything for him; to his townspeople, the Neapolitans, who were equally kind; to every one. Not one word of bitterness, of reproach, of weak lamenting. He met his death like a Christian and a gentleman.

Petrella's opera bouffe, *Precausione*, which is placed beside the *Barber of Seville* by his admirers, is full of good humor and fun. *Ione*, however, I like the best, and it is one of the most popular of his operas. It has an unusually good libretto, too. Peruzzini is the author *Marco Visconti*, *Assedio di Leida*, *Duca di Scilla*, *Contessa d'Amalfi*, *Promessi Sposi*, *Manfredo* and *Giovanni di Napoli* hold a firm place on the Italian stage. When he died he was engaged on two operas that were ordered—*Diana*, by the Casa Lucca, and *Salambo*, by the Casa Ricordo. The last is hardly begun.

We hear of large sums of money received by artists, composers and authors, but how seldom do we hear of an artist or author dying rich; nor is it because they are always improvident. People forget that when a large sum comes it is to pay for the work of two or three or more years; that frequently part of the money has been already spent in advance. Every friend of Petrella I know, tells me he was not a thriftless man; liberal, generous, open handed, yes, but not a spendthrift. He simply had no capital but his brains; his gains came in irregularly and behind-hand for his needs. Thus he lived simply and comfortably part of the time, but died poor, miserably poor. As soon as Genoa, and Naples, and Italy and the King, heard of Petrella's severe illness and poverty, all hands were full of money for his help, and all the journals called on the government to do something for the man whose works are an honor to his country. Great or successful generals have received in all ages the generous, lavish gifts of peoples and sovereigns; but great artists, whose labors are much more beneficial and humanizing, have often been left to die in misery.

As I have already said, Petrella was not wasteful, but it simply took every soldo he made to support himself and family. D'Arcais tells of the almost infantile joy Petrella displayed when, after a long period of strict economy and even worse, need and debt, he received a handsome sum of money for the opera *Contessa d'Amalfi*. He immediately ordered a luxurious dinner at the Hotel della Liguria, Turin, and rented a villa in the country for his summer *villeggiatura*. That was the extent of his extravagance. Petrella was excessively good natured and could not say no. While he was enjoying this notable *villeggiatura*, an impresario of a little theatre at Turin, Musella by name, wished to put one of Petrella's operas on his stage, *Elena di Tolosa*. Of course he had to have the maestro's consent, but had not the money to pay for it. Petrella's friends warned him that Musella intended to pay him a visit and to ask the favor. So the maestro gave orders that when Musella came to the villa he should not be admitted. Musella knew that if he could only gain sight of Petrella he would be sure to accomplish his end. So he disguised himself as a beggar and placed himself directly in the road that Petrella took daily for his afternoon walk. As soon as Petrella appeared, Musella, in dirty rags, went down on his knees in the mud and cried out in the true beggar's whine, "*Ah, maestro, maestro, abbiate pietà da noi!*" (Ah, master, take pity on us!) Of course Petrella was conquered, he gave the required consent, and *Elena di Tolosa* was sung at the little Turin theatre without costing the impresario a penny.

Petrella, though kind and good-hearted, generous and even gentle, was apt to be quick tempered, and to fly into a rage for a mere nothing, but these flashes passed as swiftly as they came. D'Arcais tells an amusing incident: One day the composer went off in one of these bursts of passion; he scolded, gesticulated, "grew exasperated with his own arguments," as the traditionary Irishman in the old story. He seized a glass and dashed it into atoms. In the very height of his fury he went to the piano. The next thing they looked for was to see the fine instrument a ruin, broken into pieces. To the surprise of every one he sat down on the music stool, rested his hands gently on the key-board, played a few harmonies, and, after improvising a while, in a perfect good humor, he said, smilingly:

"At last I have found the end of the duetto for which I have been hunting so long!"—*Correspondence Philad. Bulletin.*

Handel and Haydn Society.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society was held last evening in Bumstead hall, the president, Mr. C. C. Perkins, in the chair. There was a good attendance. After the usual routine business the treasurer's annual report was read. This stated that the old account showed a balance of $54.22, but there was a floating debt of $2000. During the past year $1115 was received from assessments and $809.20 from investments, by which the debt was wiped out. The two Christmas oratorios—"The Messiah" and "Joshua"—paid all their expenses, and left enough over to swell the balance on hand to $223.40, with which the account for the year closes. The expenses for "The Messiah" were $1509.78, of which $535 was for soloists, and the receipts $2448. The performance of "Joshua" cost $1638.82, of which $735 was for soloists, and the receipts were $2260. The report was accepted and placed on file, after a little grumble by Mr. John A. Nowell at the price paid to the Music hall society for rent.

The librarian's report was read, accepted and placed on file.

The president then presented his report. He said the past season had seen such noble work and excellent progress that the society had reason to be prouder than ever before of its membership. Their spirit of devotion was attested by the fact that there had been forty-four rehearsals during the year, at which the average attendance was three hundred and eighty. Few societies, Mr. Perkins said, can boast of members more loyal than ours. He alluded quite eloquently to the influence of music in promoting fraternity among its devotees. Expressing his dissent from the idea that because emotions excited by music so soon pass away the moral effect must be transitory, he said that as the waters of the Nile quickly subside after an overflow, but leave a deposit which enriches the soil for years after, so the emotions excited by music, though quickly subsiding, left men with kindlier feelings, deeper convictions, and a warmer love of country. The Handel and Haydn Society was thus a powerful influence for good in the community. The subject of the coming performance of "Elijah" in the Tabernacle was introduced with the remark that the society was about to take a new departure,—that for the first time five thousand people would be enabled to hear the best music at prices which would bring it within the reach of many to whom the doors of Music hall had been closed. Should it be found that a popular desire exists for such music, this first attempt to satisfy it would assuredly not be the last. Referring to the late triennial festival, Mr. Perkins said that, although the expenses slightly exceeded the receipts, it was yet in consideration of the fact that it was carried through without any financial guaranty whatever, and that the music was rendered solely by American singers, a success of which the society might well be proud. He stated that the receipts for season tickets were $3250; for the first performance, $2736 50; for the second, $2123; for the third, $896; for the fourth, $1505; for the fifth, $2999.50; for the last, $2310.50; from various sources, $448.15; total, $16,251.65. The expenses, as already stated, were slightly in excess of the receipts, which was to be regretted, because it was hoped the society would be able to send a substantial check to the Old South preservation fund. Mr. Perkins stated further that the examination committee had held nine meetings and examined 103 candidates for the chorus, of whom 58 were accepted and 45 rejected.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—

President—C. C. Perkins.
Vice-president—George H. Chickering.
Secretary—A. Parker Browne.
Treasurer—G. W. Palmer.
Librarian—J. H. Stickney.
Directors—G. T. Brown, J. D. Andrews, W. F. Bradbury, A. H. Wilson, A. K. Hebard, H. G. Carey, J. A. Pray, R. S. Rundlett.

This is the regular ticket, excepting Mr. Rundlett, who was chosen in place of W. O. Perkins.

The nineteenth of the by-laws was amended by the addition of the following: "The board of government may, previous to any concert in which the society is advertised to sing, suspend from participation in that concert such members as are, in the opinion of the board, for any cause incapable of singing the music to be performed."

The meeting adjourned until Tuesday evening, June 19.—*Advertiser, May 29.*

BACH'S CHRISTMAS ORATORIO, Parts I and II., (says the *Evening Gazette*), will remain the most delightful reminiscence of the festival. The audience listened to it with remarkable attention, and, what was more, appeared to enjoy every bar of it. There is but little of dryness in those portions of the work performed; on the contrary, it is all wonderfully fresh, fluent, inspiring, and, above all, elevating. It also abounds in grace, intense expression, and a melodiousness that proved a genuine surprise to those who entertain the common error that Bach never condescends to stoop to anything more tuneful than a fugue. If the festival had done nothing more than brought this masterpiece into notice here, it would have done enough to merit the lasting gratitude of the musical community. We cannot enter into a detailed description of the work, and can merely allude to the delicate beauty of the "Slumber song," the massive and imposing grandeur of the chorals, the suave grace of the air, "Haste, ye Shepherds," and strong dramatic coloring of the whole. Mr. W. J. Winch sang the tenor solos with all of his usual tenderness and with more than his usual fire, and won for himself deserved and discriminating applause for the beauty of his singing in the trying bravura toward the close of his principal air. Mr. J. F. Winch did ample justice to the bass solos, though we could have wished for something more of fire in his first air. Miss Thursby acquitted herself admirably in the little she had to do, and Miss Cary sang the Slumber song, "Sleep, my beloved," with superb feeling, despite the temporary confusion at the close of the second part, caused by a momentary inattention to her score. The chorus singing was thoroughly good, remarkably so for a first performance. The first impression made by the oratorio will insure it a welcome and a frequent rehearing.

WAGNER AND HIS MUSES.—"The genuine Muses are chaste;—chaste, primordial, proud. They despise toilet arts; each gives herself alone, they borrow not from one another. What will you say, then, of a painter who would heighten the effect of his pictures by a Bengal light? Of a Phidias who should exhibit his figures to the sound of music? And here? Music in union with scene-painting, ballet, pyrotechnics! And this *coquette*, rigged out in all imaginable frippery, calls herself the German (the *echt Deutsche*) Muse!—Look you, it makes me mad!" We borrow this from Herr Pappert's "Wagner Lexicon," or "Dictionary of Impoliteness." Many of the sharp and pithy sentences which he has strung together alphabetically in it, are equally true and hit the nail upon the head.

Musical Correspondence.

MILWAUKEE, MAY 24.—As the musical season is rapidly drawing to a close, a brief resumé of what has been done in Milwaukee may perhaps prove of some interest to the readers of the Journal. The greater part of the winter brought few musical attractions, owing to the hard times of the past three or four years having materially reduced the number of travelling artistic organizations, and up to the end of February an unusual dulness prevailed. The Musical Society, an institution which has been in existence upward of twenty-five years, and of which Milwaukee is justly proud, has given two regular and two extra concerts, together with three or four soirées, the latter bringing light programmes, all under the direction of Mr. Eugene Luening, a native of Milwaukee, who graduated a few years ago from the Leipsic Conservatory. The programmes of the regular concerts brought a number of classical selections, such as the Fidelio overture in E, and portions of Symphonies, performed by the Society's orchestra. The principal soloists were: Mrs. J. B. Walker, a Soprano of more than ordinary vocal resources, and an artist in every sense of the term. She has been a resident of Milwaukee for some years, and is now engaged in teaching singing. Miss Lina Allardt, of Detroit, sang twice, and made a very favorable impression. Gustave Bach, the young violinist, performed a violin solo at one of the concerts; and on another occasion the Finale from the 1st act of Wagner's *Lohengrin* was performed by the Society's forces, vocal and instrumental,—Col. Jacobs (tenor) as Lohengrin. The Society also gave a concert on the 50th anniversary of the death of Beethoven, performing the Mass in C in Immanuel Church.

The Euphemia Society, a private organization, under the musical direction of Mr. Julius Klauser, a son of Prof. Klauser, of Farmington College, has given a series of classical concerts at the residences of members, with Mr. A. G. Bodden, the young baritone, among the principal vocal attractions. The

last entertainment brought Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony for four hands on a grand piano, performed by Messrs. Gumpert and Dodge, and a movement of Beethoven's violin concerto, by Mr. Hardege, all graduates of Leipsic.

Mme. Essipoff and her company gave a brilliant concert in February to a large audience, and received an enthusiastic welcome. Her programme was not as classical as I had hoped, Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata being followed by a number of smaller compositions by other masters. Her performance was characterized by a magnificent technique and intense, poetic feeling, something akin to Rubinstein.

Miss Emma Abbott favored us with a concert in April, and had a full house, everybody being anxious to see and hear the young artist, who sang here a number of times some years ago when a resident of this city. She made a favorable impression, notwithstanding the fact that her voice is somewhat uneven, and she will undoubtedly be one of the principal attractions of the concert room for some time to come. Signori Brignoli and Ferranti shared the honors of the evening with Miss Abbott. Ole Bull had the kindness to remember us with one of his "positively farewell" concerts. His playing was a sad disappointment to those who heard him a few years ago, though his Scandinavian compatriots, who comprised a good share of the audience, were enthusiastic enough. Ole Bull was assisted by Miss Thursby, a magnificent Soprano, who was really the principal attraction of the evening, Mr. Tom Karl, the Tenor, Mlle. Martinez, Contralto, and Mr. Liebling, pianist, recently from Berlin.

Theo. Thomas and Miss Cary appeared before a crowded house, with a magnificent programme. The grand orchestra had not favored us with a call for several years, and received an enthusiastic welcome.

But the greatest attraction of the season centred in the concerts of Miss Julia Rivé, the young pianiste from Cincinnati, who gave two entertainments here, in February, and April. About three years ago I saw notices of her playing in one of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig, (I think it was in the *Neue Zeitschrift*, and it paid her a very high compliment), but I never heard her until this season, when she appeared for the first time. Miss Rivé undoubtedly has a brilliant future before her, and though the youngest of the great pianists who have visited us, will have a world-wide reputation. Personally she is the most modest and unassuming artist I have ever seen, but the fire of genius burns brightly within her and her performances here were of the highest order. Here first concert was not well attended, owing to insufficient announcement and unfavorable weather. The second concert met with more liberal encouragement, though the political election held on that day had an unfavorable effect on the attendance. On this occasion, Miss Rivé was assisted by Miss Annie Louise Cary, who sang "O don fatale" from Verdi's *Don Carlos*, "Sing, smile, slumber," by Gounod, and a ballad, "It was a Dream," by Cowan. Miss Cary was of course enthusiastically applauded, and compelled to supplement her programme numbers with two additional pieces. But Miss Rivé carried off the honors of the evening by her unprecedented performance of two entire Concertos, the Beethoven C minor, with Reinecke's Cadenza, and the Liszt E flat (Mr. Liebling of Chicago playing the orchestral parts on a second piano); the former especially was given with a chasteness of expression and pure devotion to the composer, which established her at once in the favor of the audience. Miss Rivé also played the Tausig arrangement of the Strauss Waltz: "Man lebt nur einmal in der Welt," and Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody, the latter in response to a tumultuous encore. I have never heard the latter composition played so effectively. I hope she may be induced to give us some piano recitals during the coming season, though that is exceedingly doubtful. Miss Rivé has received a flattering offer of an engagement to play in Paris during the coming winter, and if she accepts, that puts an end to her concerts in this country for the time being. She gave three recitals in Cleveland last week, and may go to California for a short season early in June.

FRA DIAVOLO.

CHICAGO, MAY 31. Last Thursday evening the Beethoven Society, under the direction of Carl Wolfsohn, gave a performance of Hoffmann's "Legend of the Fair Melusina." The accompaniment was by piano-forte, only, extremely well played by Miss Agnes Ingersol. The solos were taken by Mrs. Thurston, Mrs. Frank Hall, Mr. Jas. Gill, and Mr. Martin. All except the last named did well; while Mr. Gill (who is a fine singer and teacher) showed htmself an artist, although unfortnnately his voice is hardly heavy enough for McCormick Hall. The Chorus numbered about a hundred and fifty, and on the whole sang not badly, better, I should say, than on the previous occasions this year. Still it was very far from finished chorus singing, and is not to be compared with the standard of excellence set up by the Apollo Club. Several members of the society have taken violent exceptions to my criticisms on their style of performance; on the other hand a number of the more intelligent ones have fully admitted the justice of my comments. The truth is the rehearsals are at fault. The chorus contains quite a number of unsuitable singers, and the discipline is very lax, especially in the matter of attendance at rehearsals. For this reason the enthusiasm of the good ones is exhausted in the effort to make the bad ones sing well by *unconscious absorption*.

As I have already intimated in former letters, some of the Beethoven Society set up the defense that it is the mission of their society to interpret new works; and that, unlike the Apollo Club, they do not spend their time in the study of *pianissimo* and mere effects. Hence they point with pride to the fact of their having given during the present season four works: Rheinberger's "Toggenburg," Gade's "Comala," Verdi's Manzoni Requiem, and now Hoffmann's "Melusina." But when they look over the list for the year, they will discover, I think, that the Apollo society has given quite as much music of the larger kind, and a good deal of the smaller besides, and in all of it has held the chorus up to a standard of excellence as much superior to their work as the playing of the consummately graceful artiste Mme. Essipoff is to that of ordinary piano-teachers. I would not say this were it not for the sake of pointing the moral of it all, which lies simply in the determination of the Apollo conductor to secure good results, and in the discipline of the society, which enforces attendance at rehearsals and especially sub-rehearsals.

Mr. Wolfsohn is engaged in a series of historical piano recitals, of which the seventh and last of the present season occurs next Saturday, June 2d. This one is devoted to Beethoven, and will include some Bagatelles, a Fantasie, and the three sonatas, op. 7, op. 57, and op. 111. The recital last week was devoted to Schubert, and brought the following:

Sonata in A minor.
Impromptu in A flat.
Moment Musical in G.
Impromptu in B flat, (air and variations).
Elegie in B.
Fantasie in C major.

Mr. Wolfsohn deprecates criticism on the style of his playing, and takes to himself the intention of interpreting—desiring to be appreciated for his good intentions; and this appreciation I hereby tender him.

I scarcely know whether the cause of music has been advanced in Chicago by the remarkable elevation of the standard of piano playing which has taken place within a few years here. Several, who cut quite a swell as solo pianists here a few years ago, are now left far behind. We have, however, one pianist, Mr. Emil Liebling, who in point of technique and artistic ability is to be ranked very high. Only a day or two ago he played Chopin's second Concerto (the one in F minor) as an illustration in connection with Mr. Mathews' lecture on "Chopin, Schumann, and Wagner." The accompaniment was on the organ by Mr. Eddy. This beautiful work went delightfully, and Mr. Liebling's playing seemed to me thoroughly artistic. I did not find then the coldness I have before accused him of. Equally well were played the Schumann pieces which occurred in the same programme:

Novellette in B minor,
Vogel als Prophète,
Traumeswirren.

Mr. Liebling always plays without notes, and on this occasion apparently with perfect accuracy.

Mr. Eddy's organ recitals continue, and the programmes are as fine as ever, and as well played—which is saying all I could possibly say in praise of them.

The Apollo Club have a festival next week, June 5, 6, and 7, on rather a smaller scale than that of your Handel and Haydn, but still far beyond anything we have had here before. The chorus numbers about five hundred. The choral numbers will include Gounod's "By Babylon's wave," Sullivan's "On Sea and Shore," part of Gluck's "Orpheus," the first part of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and the most of "Israel in Egypt." The soloists are: Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Mr. Winch, and Mr. Myron Whitney. The orchestra is to be that of Theodore Thomas. I have no doubt the quality of the performance will be fully equal to anything ever done in America. But we shall see.

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

LEIPZIG, MAY 11. I enclose a translation of an article which lately appeared in one of our Leipzig papers, which I thought might be interesting to your musical readers.

After the well deserved and great success of the Imperial Opera singer, Madame MARIE WILT, on the Leipzig stage, we take from the *Allgemeinen Modenzeitung* the following biographical information, received from the pen of the Countess Eufemia Ballestrem:—Marie Wilt was born in Vienna, her parents, who were poor, died whilst she was still very young. The sister of Baron Pratobevera, Mme. Fanny Premier, adopted the child and with a motherly interest, carefully educated her. Marie early developed a love for music, and Mme. Premier placed her under the instruction of the Piano-master "Lenz" in Vienna; she also began to sing children's ballads with expression and marked talent. At the age of fifteen she was a ready and thoroughly artistic pianist. Her voice, which was already powerful and beautifully clear, promised to be of extraordinary compass; and, in order to be certain of the quality of it, Mme. Premier had it tested by a singing master of reputation, but his opinion was not encouraging.

Soon after Marie Premier married a building contractor, Franz Wilt who through the excellence of his workmanship, had made a name for himself. Notwithstanding her family were decidedly opposed to a singer's career, and a weakness of the lungs prevented her for a time from using her voice, still Marie Wilt, following her irresistible inclination, joined the singing society conducted by Johann Herbeck—and as a member of it appeared for the first time before the public in the part of "Jemima" in Schubert's *Lazarus* with great success. The Professor of the Vienna Conservatory, Dr Glänzbacher, at that time, gave especial attention to her cultivation for concert-singing, and in 1864 she sang in a concert with Desiré Artot, who was so charmed with her beautiful voice, that she warmly urged her to devote her talents to the stage. This recommendation of the cele-

brated artist was for Mme. Wilt the "Sesame" that opened wide to her the doors of the Opera. Obstacles were overcome, everything yielded then to the sole purpose of perfecting herself for the operatic stage.

Already in 1862 she was so far advanced, that through the assistance of the Countess "Schönfeld" and the, at that time, celebrated actress Henmann and the present "Cultus minister" Dr. Schmayer, she appeared in Gratz for the first time as Donna Anna in *Don Juan*, with tremendous success. From this time on her life has been a "chain of triumphs," her star grew in brightness, and the name of Marie Wilt was sounded across the sea. She appeared in Berlin and London and received the most brilliant offers of engagements for England, France, Spain, Italy and America. Afterwards she appeared in Venice eight times in *Norma*, creating the greatest excitement. Finally in Vienna she sang as "guest" in *Trovatore* the role of "Leonore," which led to her permanent engagement at the Grand Imperial Opera house. This took place in 1867 and since that time Marie Wilt has been the "Prima donna assoluta" af the Vienna opera.

Not only in opera is she unsurpassed, but has proved herself an excellent concert singer, and one who is always greeted with the greatest enthusiasm. Her repertoire is larger than that of any other singer in Europe, consisting of: Norma, Lucretia Borgia, Leonore, in *Trovatore*, Elvira in *Ernani*, Donna Anna and Elvira in *Don Juan*, Queen of the Night in *Magic Flute*, Countess in the *Marriage of Figaro*, Ortrud in *Lohengrin*, Valentine and Margarethe in the *Huguenots*, Bertha in the *Prophete*, Elizabeth in *Tannhauser*, Alice and Isabel in *Robert le Diable*, Eglantine and Euryanthe in Weber's *Euryanthe*, Recha in *La Juive*, Constanze in *Die Entführung*, Fiordiligie in *Cosi fan tutte*, Rezia in *Oberon*, Selica in *L'Africana*, Ophelia in *Hamlet*, Aida in *Aida*. Such a repertoire could only be possible for an artist with such a marvellous voice. She sings with the greatest ease three octaves, reaching G, each note thoroughly cultivated; no distinction can be detected in the perfection of one note from the other. In addition to her finished singing, Marie Wilt possesses the highest order of dramatic execution; not to speak of the immense volume of voice which rings clear as a bell above the most powerful orchestra. Thus is Marie Wilt indisputably the first singer in Germany, and a worthy successor of Schröder-Devrient. And as in every day life she is a very sociable and amiable woman, tolerant and free from envy, one whose good qualities rival her great talents, so must all those, who honor Art and its followers hold Marie Wilt in grateful remembrance. G. S.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 9, 1877.

Fourth Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society.

(Concluded from Page 31.)

—We were interrupted in the midst of our description of the third concert, in speaking of Bach's Christmas Oratorio. We spoke of the ideal beauty of the *Pastorale* and the opening recitatives in the Second Part. Here occurred Miss THURSBY's only participation in this work, the single page of the announcement by the Angel: "Be not afraid," of which her delivery was most pure and brilliant. The wonderful Tenor Aria: "Haste, ye Shepherds," so tender, yet so extremely difficult, and florid in the latter portion, received a tasteful, highly finished, fervent rendering from Mr. W. J. WINCH; this was the most arduous task for any solo singer. Beautifully soft and harp-like sounded the accompaniment to the Bass recitative (well declaimed by Mr. J. F. WINCH) exhorting all to sing "with one accord, beside that cradle holy." And then the cradle song of the mother: "Sleep, my beloved," the loveliest melody of that kind ever invented, and wrought out with most perfect art! Miss CARY's voice and singing were entirely worthy of it; chaste and deep in feeling, and faultless save in a single slip at the end of the second part through momentary inattention to the score. The sublime chorus: "Glory to God," wonderfully elaborate as it is, and so involved, in the independent movement of each voice part and instrument, was quite effectively given by the great choir and produced a marked impression. It must be heard again and again to appreciate a tithe of all its beauty and its grandeur; they are inexhaustible. This chorus formed the exciting climax of the work. Then for a calm and peaceful close, the return of the Choral, which has been heard twice before, but now in a new rhythm, the 12–8 of the *Pastorale*, whose lovely second theme is brought in after every line, was just the most exquisite and perfect thing that ear and soul could crave.

Mr. Winch never sung with more feeling and refinement than in the recitative and Air from *Jephtha*. Miss Thursby had fair field for her bright tones and her brilliant florid execution in the Air from Costa's *Eli*: "I will extol thee," and was immensely applauded.

Singers and audience were wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by Mr. Parker's "Redemption Hymn." It was the sensation of the Festival. It was sung perfectly, chorus and orchestra doing their best out of a hearty sympathy and respect for the composer. The Alto solo was admirably sung by Miss Cary, and then——we will let our friend of the *Courier* describe the scene that followed:

After Miss Cary had curtsied her acknowledgments of the tumultuous applause, cries of "Parker, Parker" began to be heard from various parts of the hall in ever growing crescendo. The modest composer, apparently rather overwhelmed by these demonstrations, was at last prevailed upon to rise from his seat in one of the back rows on the floor and make a half timid bow. But this was not enough; hardly a hundred people had seen him, or even knew where to look for him; the applause and cries continuing unabated, Mr. Zerrahn's tall figure was seen striding down the side aisle, like inexorable fate, bearing down upon Mr. Parker's seat; escape was impossible, and the successful composer was mercilessly captured, and led up to the conductor's desk on the stage, from whence he bowed his thanks amid cheers and hand-clapping, the ladies of the chorus fluttering their handkerchiefs af if the signal had been given by an electric battery. Mr. Parker may be proud of having written one of the best choral fugued movements ("Art thou not it that hath cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon?" that contemporary compositions can boast of. The fugued chorus is almost a lost art, and to have written so strongly effective an one is no mean triumph. The composition, as a whole, is admirably written, and shows at times no little melodic invention. Mr. Parker is much to be congratulated.

We too congratulate and say Amen! The subject of that fugue, by the way, (it is no disparagement to say it), is strikingly like the opening of Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor. The unity and consistency of Mr. Parker's entire composition, as well as its general euphony, rich harmony and even flow, ensured its good impression—Mr. J. F. Winch's noble voice and power were rather wasted on the uninteresting Air by Sullivan.

Hiller's "Song of Victory," imposing, grandiose in plan, in its elaborate structure and employment of all modern means, was very variously received. Some were carried away by it, and some shook their heads; to the most its very brilliancy and (so to say) grandiloquence proved wearisome. Its impressiveness, as a whole, was hardly in proportion to the grandeur of design, the wealth and boldness of the harmony, the ingenuity of form, and the considerable melody displayed in it. That it is the work of a most accomplished musician, one of the masters of our time, armed and ready at all points, there can be no question. But Hiller here, as elsewhere, seems to fall just short of what we call creative genius; the vitalizing spark is wanting. Had we room to go into detail, however, it would be easy to point out many a passage strikingly effective, beautiful, and even original. Some of the choruses are worthy of their subject, jubilant and full of exultation, while some are bizarre and bordering on the barbaric. The final chorus: "Praise the Lord with lute and harp, with tabors, cymbals and dances," seemed the literal reproduction, or "materialization" of that text, so full was it of gay and happy sounds, so buoyant, childlike and like Father Haydn. The choruses were commonly well sung; but the orchestration, always heavy, was still more over-weighted, as was sometimes the vocal melody itself, with the bloated *rimbombo* of a big bass tuba. Miss Thursby made the most of her several soprano solos; and in the final chorus her silvery, pure voice soared and revelled, holding out the highest tones with exquisite beauty and quite rapturous expression.

FOURTH CONCERT, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 18.

A very large audience assembled to hear Handel's *Samson*,—not the whole of it by any means, which would have taken about five hours, seeing that this performance, in which the cuts and omissions amounted to a full half of the Oratorio, lasted two hours and a half. The fact is, *Samson* is an endless series of recitatives and arias, many of them most beautiful and characteristic, but relieved by comparatively few choruses; and in his semi-dramatic plan of treating all the words of somebody's adaptation of Milton's "Samson Agonistes," so many solos, for a concert room, become intolerably prolix. The retrenchment, to be sure, was made chiefly from the solos, and this left a fairer proportion of choral numbers. Still, even these had to be reduced, because the text of several of them is really quite unpresentable. What would happen, in these days of Woman's rights, for instance, should the whole H. and H. sisterhood and brotherhood unite in singing:

> To man God's universal law
> Gave pow'r to keep the wife in awe,

And then continue, in full fugue:

> Thus shall his life be ne'er disinay'd,
> By female usurpation swayed!

But, on the other hand, the very excision of so much, so frequently, here a bit and there a bit from the same long stretch of recitative, also aggravated the sense of lengthiness by the slight confusion and uncertainty about the place which it occasioned both with listeners and singers. A more serious drawback was the imperfect state in which this, like all the Handel scores, is found with regard to orchestral accompaniment, middle parts of the harmony being too frequently wanting, or but imperfectly supplied upon the Organ.

Nevertheless, in spite of all these drawbacks, there was much that was grandly impressive, much that was fresh, characteristic, varied, beautiful in melody, while nearly all was enjoyable. The solos were mostly excellent. Miss KELLOGG was eminently in place in the soft, inveigling, fondling, pleading melodies of Dalilah; she cooed and warbled "With plaintive notes" mostly gracefully and tenderly; and, in another and a nobler vein, her "Let the bright Seraphim" was spirited and brilliantly effective. Miss MATHILDE PHILLIPPS sang "Return, O Lord of Hosts," and indeed most of the music of Micah in an earnest, thoughtful manner, and with good expression; and it was well suited to her rich voice. Mr. ADAMS had a fine opportunity to illustrate his admirable art of recitative in the part of Samson. He is a model in enunciation and in musical declamation; all his phrasing perfect, never missing the dramatic point. You feel that you have an artist before you always, one who has been thoroughly trained, one who knows himself, his business and his vocal means. Some of his middle tones were still a little husky; and yet they are large tones, full of essential sweetness. Never, unless it were in Brabam's time, have we heard so beautiful, so refined, so touchingly eloquent a rendering of "Total eclipse;" had he been blind, as Milton and Handel were, he could hardly have conveyed the spirit of the poetry and music more imaginatively. In his dialogue with Dalilah all his replies were tel-

ling. Mr. M. W. WHITNEY sang "Honor and arms" superbly, and was in capital voice and trim for all the music of the boastful Harapha; pity only that it was so bare in accompaniment! Mr. J. F. WINCH gave an agreeable and faithful rendering of the part of "aged Manoah." Several of the more stirring choruses were well sung, others not so well; the singers showed signs of fatigue; so much work in a crowed hall, and in the first intense heat of summer, readily accounts for it.

FIFTH CONCERT, MAY 19.

Saturday afternoon brought another miscellaneous programme,—mainly solos, with the intervention of chorus in two short instances:—

1. Overture—"Hero and Leander," op. 11.....Rietz
   Festival Orchestra.
2. Scena from Lohengrin. The Legend of the Grail.....Wagner
   Mr. Charles R. Adams.
3. Aria from Don Carlos, "O Don Fatale,"....Verdi
   Miss Annie Louise Cary.
4. Aria from Semiramide, "Bel Raggio,"...Rossini
   Miss Clara Louise Kellogg.
5. Aria from La Juive, "Se oppressi ognor," Halevy
   Mr. Myron W. Whitney.
6. Airs from Orpheus—a. "Chiamo il mio ben," b. "Addio o miei sospiri."....Gluck
   Miss Mathilde Phillipps.
7. Fantasie for piano-forte, op. 15. (Instrumented by Liszt.....Schubert
   Mr. B. J. Lang.
8. Four-part Song. (Unaccompanied). Farewell to the Forest".....Mendelssohn
   Festival Chorus.
9. Song—"Die Allmacht,".....Schubert
   Mr. Adams.
10. Aria from Le Prè aux Clercs, "Dell' Eta mia primiera,".....Herold
    Miss Emma C. Thursby.
11. Aria from Il Profeta, "Pieta,".....Meyerbeer
    Miss Phillipps.
12. Quartet from Fidelio, Canon.....Beethoven
    Miss Thursby, Miss Cary, Mr. Adams, Mr. Whitney.
13. Solo and Chorus from Stabat Mater, "Inflammatus,".....Rossini
    Miss Kellogg and Festival Chorus.

The crowd on this occasion surpassed all; hundreds of people stood throughout. The single Overture was not a fortunate selection; it made but an indifferent impression when it was first given in a Symphony concert, but then the beauty of its slow introduction, at least, was felt; this time that was thrown away amid the bustle of people crowding in and all the rest was but half heard and tedious. The one thing wanting in the Festival was some important orchestral features in the course of its programmes.

Miss Kellogg was at her best, naturally, in "Bel raggio," and reaped a rich harvest of applause and flowers, huge baskets full. For Rossini's "Inflammatus" she has not the thrilling majesty of voice or style, though technically it was finely executed. Miss Thursby sang the florid aria from *Le Prè aux Clercs* with the utmost brilliancy and fluency and clear birdlike sparkle (may we say) in the bright highest tones. It was an exquisite piece of vocalization, and received with great enthusiasm and with floral tokens. Miss Cary's selection from Verdi's *Don Carlos* was a highly dramatic one, and exhibited her glorious rich voice, her telling declamation, and her singularly even, ripe, sustained cantabile, to full advantage. Cheers and flowers for her, too, without stint. Miss Phillipps chose her most effective concert pieces in the two Airs from *Orpheus*, displaying great fire and facility in the bravura of the second one.—Among the men the palm belongs to Mr. Adams, whose delivery of the Scena from *Lohengrin* had all the intensity and the romantic tone-coloring, with all the nobility of expression which Wagner could have asked for; *his* Lohengrin upon the stage must be something worth the while. Not less noble was his rendering of the majestic, awe-inspiring song of the divine Omnipotence by Schubert, though it was only half appreciated, the audience being unprepared for it, not having the words before them. Mr. Whitney sang the Aria from "The Jewess" with sustained dignity and feeling. Seldom, if ever, have we had the Quartet from *Fidelio* so finely sung here, (in spite of the weak Italian translation), and yet it was about the first time that we ever knew it to pass without a call for repetition. The rare coujunction of four such voices and such singers in a gem like that should, by good rights, have been made the most of.—We could not feel that the Liszt-Schubert Fantasia, brilliant as it is, but so long, and beginning to be a trifle hacknied, was just in the right place in that programme, though on the part of Mr. LANG it was finely played, and fairly on the part of the orchestra.—The rich, cool, broad effect of the whole choral mass of voices was refreshing and inspiring in the part-song by Mendelssohn; but it was never written to be sung by more than a club, or a handful of singers, and the effort must be rated as sensational, rich as the sensation was; voices never blended more euphoniously, it must be said.

Among the other floral tributes of this concert—for it seemed to be the time of general rewards of merit—was an enormous beautiful harp of flowers presented to CARL ZERRAHN (by the tenors and basses of the chorus, as we understand), and a rich basket to Mr. LANG, who had done such faithful and efficient work at the great Organ, as well as at the piano in the rehearsals of the chorus.

SIXTH CONCERT. SUNDAY EVENING.

Handel's great choral Oratorio,—one mountain-chain of colossal choruses, towering one above another,—brought the Festival to a noble close. It was a grand experience. For the first time here was this sublime work brought out completely and worthily, and for the first time was it heartily accepted as a whole by a great audience. This time it was truly appreciated, for this time it was adequately presented. It was a triumph for the brave Conductor, Zerrahn, and for all his coöperating forces. We have on former occasions, indulged in such full, almost minute, description of this Oratorio, that we need not enter into many details now. Suffice it to say that from the opening tenor recitative: "Now there arose a new king over Egypt," (enunciated as only Mr. CHARLES R. ADAMS, with his rich voice and perfect art, can do it), the double chorus: "And the children of Israel sigh'd" (in bondage), and the whole series of miracle choruses, each itself a miracle of Art, were so sung as to bring each a vivid scene before the mind: for the startling succession of these choruses is a kind of musical scene-shifting, a vast unfolding diorama; sometimes the imagery is so strong, so bold, so graphic, so intensely irradiated, or so deeply shaded, so exciting, as to take the listener's breath away. The violins, too, did their part well, suggesting the swarming of "all manner of flies" after the strong unison "He spake the word." Of course the "Hailstone" chorus was received with uncontainable enthusiasm and had to be repeated; and it was perhaps the flutter of this excitement that threw the singers a little off their balance in the wonderful, mysterious modulations of "He sent a thick darkness." Even that most intricate of double choruses: "He led them through the deep as through a wilderness" was sung with a clearness in all the parts such as we have not heard before; through the mazy wilderness of much rehearsal the conductor's baton surely led them.—But we may not go through them all. Next in grandeur to these miracle choruses, which form the principal matter of the First Part, is the sublime song of Moses and the Children of Israel: "The horse and his rider," which begins and ends Part Second with a blaze of glory. This too was given with great spirit and precision, making Handel's power seem inexhaustible.—There is yet a third class of choruses,—short one-page sentences of double chorus, which ever and anon stand before us like solid mighty monuments to mark the progress of the work. Nothing can be grander than these are; such a wealth and electric power of harmony is condensed into each one of them. "He rebuked the Red Sea, and it was dried up." "And Israel saw that great work"; and especially "And in the greatest of thine excellency," where the most daring and startling of discords is employed with the most wonderful, nay the most strictly musical, effect: these and more are among the most characteristic features of the work.—And then there is a fourth class, of a more ecclesiastical character, single choruses, mostly *alla breve*, or in *tempo giusto*, which, if less exciting, add a new and graver element of variety, and offer welcome moments of repose. Such are: "And believed the Lord," "And I will exalt Him," etc.

We said the work was given complete; it was even more than complete. The several additional solos, introduced in the Appendix by Sir George Smart, were all sung after the traditional English custom. This was very well from one point of view, as giving to the solo singers opportunities but sparingly allowed them in the plan of Handel's work; and that great child, the public, brought up and spoiled on solos, always asks like Oliver "for more." But, on the other hand, the work itself is weakened by these interpolations. They come in, after a great chorus has told the story sublimely, leaving nothing to be said, and say it over again in what must seem a feeble and prolix manner.

The soloists, however, for the most part, did themselves great credit. The great success in this kind was the Duet (part of the real work:) "The Lord is a man of war," in which the two basses, Mr. WHITNEY and Mr. WINCH, were superbly matched, and won immense applause. It was a mistake, however, to repeat it; such a thing could hardly sound so well a second time; all needed repetition is provided in the structure of the piece itself; and it could only lengthen the performance, weakening what came after. Mr. ADAMS sang "The enemy said: I will pursue" very finely; and his recitatives, of course, were all that could be desired. But in the somewhat bewildering Duet (with Miss THURSBY): "Thou in thy mercy," he seemed not quite familiar with his music. The lady's soprano was most brilliant in the part of Miriam with the last chorus, and she sang finely. Miss CARY was capital in the quaint Air: "Their land brought forth frogs;" and the tranquil melody of "Thou shalt bring them in" was admirably suited to her voice and style.—

Here we must pause abruptly. The Festival was supplemented by an extra performance of *Elijah* in the vast Tabernacle building before 5000 people, and with Mme. PAPPENHEIM and Mr. ADAMS, each more than answering every expectation. This will give us further opportunity for some concluding general observations on the Festival.

A REMARKABLE VIOLIN SCHOOL. We have always wondered that, in a community where so much attention is paid to music, and where almost every girl and boy is taught to thrum the piano, so few acquire, or even seek to acquire, the art of playing on the violin. The piano, to be sure, is a more representative instrument, enabling one pair of hands to grasp the whole harmony of a composition, or a compendium thereof. But the violin, with the other members of its family, viola, 'cello, etc., is the more social instrument, bringing together groups of kindred spirits who can play in parts, and read together the quartets, etc., of the greatest masters, or play Sonata duos, trios, etc., with the pianoforte. And the string instruments are infinitely the most expressive; their tones lie nearer to the soul, spring more directly from the human breast. They are the heart of the whole orchestra, the most essential part of music, next to the human voice. It is a graceful, manly, healthy exercise to play the violin; if it be very difficult to play it like an artist, so much the worthier of a manly aspiration. If it is often only vulgar *fiddling*, it is, on the other hand, with those truly schooled, the most gentlemanly of instruments.

And, we maintain, that it is equally the most womanly. We have many times expressed our interest in female violinists. Who that has seen and heard Camilla Urso, or Teresa Liebe, or Mr. Eichberg's accomplished pupil, Persis Bell, could fail to feel that the violin seemed peculiarly fitted to the female constitution and capacity. How graceful the attitude and motions of a young woman skilfully handling the bow! Her finer sense of touch, her delicate tact, her instinctive feeling out of the pure truth of tone, give woman a great advantage in this art; and the several examples we have had, from time to time, in the concerts of the Boston Conservatory of Music, have shown that this was no mere dream.

Wonderfully we had it all confirmed of late in a remarkable Exhibition (to which we have hitherto had time only to allude) of the Pupils of the Violin Classes under the direction of Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG. This occurred at Tremont Temple, which was crowded with astonished and delighted listeners, on the afternoon of May 8. Twenty-four pupils,—fourteen of whom were very young girls and young ladies—"four and twenty fiddlers"—took part in the performance of the following programme, which gives all their names:

1. 7th Concerto, first movement.....Rode
   Miss Marion Osgood.
2. Sonata for Violin and Piano, Op. 137, No. 1, Schubert
   Allegro molto; andante.
   Misses Belle Botsford and Jessie Wheaton.
3. Elegie.....Ernst
   Miss Lillian Shattuck.
4. From Operetta "Box and Cox,".....Sullivan
   Master Robert Chandler.
5. Adagio from 2d Concerto.....De Beriot
   Miss Theresa C. Campbell.
6. Souvenir de Bellini.....Artot
   Miss Edith Christie.
7. Meditation, Violin and Organ.....Eichberg
   Miss Lillian Chandler.
8. Cavatina, Op. 85, No. 3.....Raff
   Miss Abbie Shepardson.
9. Second Concerto, first movement.....Spohr
   Mr. Edwin A. Sabin.
10. Air Varié, No. 7.....De Beriot
    Miss Lettie Launder.
11. Andante for four Violin parts.....Eichberg
    With accompaniment of Piano and Organ.

Miss Abbie Shepardson,	Miss L. Launder,
" Edith Christie,	" M. Osgood,
" Belle Botsford,	" M. Grelaud,
" Th. C. Campbell,	Mr. E. Sabin,
Mr. Jasper Monroe,	" M. L. Merriman,
" Julius Heyser,	" A. Fiske,
Miss L. Shattuck,	Miss L. Chandler,
" G. D. Crocker,	" J. Wheaton,
" J. Birchmore,	" C. A. Blake,
Mr. J. C. Park,	" M. Wright,
" W. J. Henshaw,	Mr. P. L. Eaton,
" R. Chandler,	" H. L. Moody.

These performances, throughout, were almost faultless in purity of intonation, and marked by free, firm, easy handling of the bow, sure attack and precise, clean, tasteful execution, even with the little ones, a girl and boy who seemed almost too small to lift the instrument. Many of the pieces, it will be seen, were tasks for concert artists; and we can hardly trust ourselves to speak

as we feel of the really artistic style in which such things as Ernst's *Elegie*, and the elaborate variations and embellishments of the *Souvenir de Bellini*, and indeed nearly all the other solos were executed by young ladies far short of being out of their teens. Mr. Eichberg's Andante for four violin parts, in which the whole twenty-four played together, sounded wonderfully rich and clear and even, and gave the keenest pleasure.

We believe all these pupils began the practice of the violin in this Conservatory and under Mr. Eichberg's own immediate instruction. Surely there can be no doubt of its being by far the best violin school in this country. We have only to judge it by its fruits. The opportunities it offers are invaluable; and these examples should inspire a much more general impulse to become violinists, if not professionally, at least for social pleasure and refinement. We need not despair now of seeing the materials for good orchestras grow up in our midst in all the towns and cities; and classical quartet evenings, both in concert hall and private parlors, will in time become more frequent.

The Wagner Festival.

(*From "Punch."*)

Having been a considerable time accustomed to play the Trilogy with one finger on the accordion, I was naturally anxious to hear the same work of art performed by a band of two hundred at the Albert Hall.

Herr Richard Wagner wrote to me in his best low Bavarian:—

"Ich bin gleich nach gekommen London mit der Trompeten und Drummen, der brassen, der Winden und der Fidelstückeren. Du bist ein Musik-Kritiker. Wie viel? Leben Sie wohl.—R. W."

Then—

"Postscriptum.—Inkliren ist ein Postoffische Orders for ein Thaler. Herren Hodge und Essex sollen Sie Trinkmönische geben. Wenn beide der Herren are at home. Sie der whole somm all-at-vonce will pokelen! I Stecken Sie es in Ihre Tasche! Ich trinke to our Nex-merry-meeting! Hoch!"

To which I replied (in Saxon-Bavarian, which we both understood)—

"O mein intimer Freund, Ich see you blowen würst! Vots ein Thaler? Gettout! I Woran denken Sie? Das ist nicht genug. Ich weiss wie viel Uhre es ist! Ich take nicht der Trink-monische ekseptung wenn Ich bin drei. Wenn drei, trinke. Kumprenny? Lieben Sie wohl mein Herr von Thaler—nicht von Thaler, aber zwei, drei und as many moren Thaleren as we liken-to-standen! Hoch!"

Why, I couldn't even get up a torchlight procession in Orme Square with one thaler. It wouldn't run to one torch and a cab fare. So that all my schemes for worthily celebrating the grand occasion fell to the ground. I had composed a Festival Hymn, to be sung to an air of Bellini's under Vagner's vinder in Orme Square (where he is stopping with Herr Toole, who "always comes home to tea,") which ran (or would have run, if it had once got a fair start) like this,—

"Orme! Orme! Orme! sweet Orme!
Ho! Mynheer von Wagner, there's no place like Orme!"

This was set to a bed-chamber-kandlestückeren "motive," and would have been simply a masterpiece; but, no matter, there's the masterpiece still on my chimney-piece. The world knows nothing of its greatest men!

Being a trifle near-sighted, and a little uncertain about Wagnerian waggeries generally (I haven't seen him for years—and the idea of offering me a thaler!), I requested a friend of mine, who has the reputation of being a very well-informed man, to ask me (in your interest) to dinner. He mistook my meaning, and came and dined with me. We were Wagnerites both—Wagnerisserites. My Well-Informed Man said he would tell me everything. Down to the Hall we went in a hansom. Then we got out, and, amid the cheers of the Monday populace and the courteous salutes of the A Division (Wagnerites to a man), bowing left and right, entered the *salle*.

"*Der Walküren!*" exclaimed the crowd directly they saw us. We intimated to Herren Hodge and Essex that we wished to be alone. They replied that with nearly eight thousand people in the Hall this would be almost impossible. "But," they politely added, "'after the opera is over' you can have it entirely to yourself."

"Now," I said to my Well-Informed Man engaged, mind, on purpose, just as a Q. C. has a solicitor below him to give him his facts), "Tell me all you know."

Oh, sir! Oh, my dear sir! Never again with you, Robin—I mean, never again with my Well-Informed Friend. A humbug, sir, a humbug!—but, to proceed.

Two ladies walked on to the platform. Immense applause. "Whom are they applauding?" I asked of Well-Informed Friend. Did he reply at once, sir? No. *He referred to his programme.* Why, I could have done as much. At this moment a buzz went round the house, and from box to box was mysteriously telegraphed the words "Frau Materna." "Ah!" exclaimed my Well-Informed Friend suddenly, "that's Frau Materna! She was at Bayreuth."

"*Which* is Frau Materna?" I asked, sternly, for there were two. Is it the magnificent lady in a brilliant dress, or is it the retiring young damsel in blue?"

"Well," replied my Well-Informed Friend, deliberately, "well—it's either the stouter of the two—or the other."

And I had asked this friend to accompany me on the strength of knowing all about it! Why, sir, I had imagined that this person had been your correspondent at Bayreuth last year.

Suddenly, a burst of enthusiastic applause. I could *not* see whom they were applauding. I appealed to my Well-Informed Friend. "Is it Wagner?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, slowly, "I fancy it must be Wagner."

"Is he there?" I asked, authoritatively—for you see I had treated this man, and treated him well, on the strength of his being Your Own Well-Informed Correspondent at Bayreuth.

"Well," he began, "I rather think he——" But before the egregious humbug could commit himself to an assertion, a mysterious whisper passed round —"It is Wilhelmj!"

"Ah!" exclaimed my Well-Informed Friend, suddenly waking up, "that's Wilhelmj!"

I frowned; he cowered. So we sat, *I* frowning, *he* cowering, until an enthusiastic greeting announced the appearance of Herr Wagner.

A lady near me gave a great start.

"Is *that* Wagner?" she exclaimed; and then added, in a tone of considerable disappointment, "*Why he is quite a respectable-looking, quiet, elderly man!*" And so he is—*now*.

My Well Informed Man, while pretending to read the German portion of the *Tannhäuser* (the humbug!), kept losing his place (I watched him), and was always looking over other people's shoulders to see when *they* turned over, and what page they were at.

Still I clung to him. I had heard him talk so much of Wagner. In your interests, sir, I clung to him. I still hoped that he might be the gifted creature I had supposed.

Between the parts I took my Well-Informed Man into the lobby, pulled out my note-book and said, "Now, tell me all about it. First, I suppose you knew all these singers to speak to at Bayreuth?"

My Well-Informed Man paused for a moment, trembled, turned pale, then throwing himself on his knees, while the perspiration streamed off his agonized face, he cried, "Spare me! Oh spare me! *I never was at Bayreuth!*"

I suppress the rest of this painful scene. I pity that man's family. He was at once confided to the care of Policeman B flat (a great Wagnerite), and I saw no more of him.

A sadder and wiser man I returned from the *Rheingold*, that overpoweringly wonderful work. *The music hall of the future is evidently paved with good "motives."* I recognized the genius of the idea, and fell into the spirit of it cordially. Before it was a quarter over didn't I feel an irrepressible "drink-motive?" Later on, wasn't I powerfully moved by a "more-drink-motive?" Then by "go-away-before-the-crowden-motive?" Were not the Linkmen both actuated by a "threepenny-bit-motive" when they dashed wildly off in search of a cab for yours truly? And wasn't I (still Wagnerian) impelled by a "save-my-two-and-sixpence-motive" when I did'nt stop for the cab, but set off to walk? Didn't the "drink-motive" recur strongly again and often-times during the remainder of the evening, not to mention the "supper-motive" and the "cigar-motive," uniting together to form one irresistible "stop-at-the-club-till-three-in-the-morning-motive."

Before retiring to rest, I dropped a line to my old friend, "*Mein Intimer Freund*, your Rhine-gold has the ring (*Der Ring des Nibelungen*) of the true genius-metal. But with such a stock of Rhine-gold, why offer me a thaler? No matter. Success to you, *Mein Herr!* The "sleep-motive" overcomes yours ever,

HOOKY WALKYRE.

Special Notices.

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Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

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Hard Times. Song and Cho. F. 3. b to F. *Cobbin.* 30
"For no employ can labor find,
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Expresses the prevailing depression, and so is timely.

Luna. Bb. 3. c to F. *Gabriel.* 50
"Afloat! Afloat! In my silver boat,
Queen of the Night, and of Phantasie!"
A capital little tone-poem, with, for a subject, the sailing of the Moon through Night's azure sea.

Soul for Soul. Bb. 3. b to F. *Wiegand.* 40
"O eyes, that pierce me thro' and thro',
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Full of fire and deep emotion. Should be a fine concert song.

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Why? G. 4. d to F. *Cowen.* 50
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Francillon's suggestive and fine words are accompanied with good music. A high-class song.

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Capital song by a well-known and successful composer.

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One of the old kind of plantation songs. Simple and musical.

Instrumental.

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Brilliant Marches, to which favorite opera airs add interest.

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The title is typical of the character of the music, which contains a clean, clear, pure and sweet melody.

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Quite different from the celebrated "Il Bacio" (which is a waltz) but of something the same beauty.

Verano la, "Lucia." C. 2. *André.* 25

Aria Sonnambula. G. 2. *André.* 25
No. 12 and 13 of "Blossoms of Opera." Easy and pretty.

El Dorado March. A. 3. *Messer.* 30
We should be happy to march there to such good music, but,—where is Eldorado?

Compositions performed by Mme. Essipoff.
No. 12. The Fishers. (Chanson des Pecheurs). Ab. 4. *Leschetizky.* 40
Elegant. The difficulty consists largely in various light bounds by the left hand.

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A fine piece for Reed Organ as well as for Piano, on which the "singing" touch is required.

Quadrilles for Violin and Piano, by *S. Winner.* ea. 50
"By S. Winner" always means, "easy and popular" as these are. There are 9 Quadrilles, of which the one to be noticed is
No. 3. Polacca Quadrille. (Home Set). D. 3.
Pretty air, and very simple piano part.
The Violin parts of these Quadrilles are published separately, for 25 cents each.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."